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MWANGA, KING OF UGANDA.

A BISHOP'S PALACE IN AFRICA.

Those who have, during the past few years, listened to the accusations against foreign missionaries, who, they say, live in "luxury," will be interested in the "Palace" of Bishop Tucker of Uganda, the sketches of which we take from a late number of the *Church Missionary Gleaner*:—The "palace" was built by the native Christians for the use of the bishop. He tells us that it is made entirely of reeds, tied side by side with thongs of bark, and supported against stems of palm-trees. Inside the outer wall there is a second, built in a similar manner, and the space between the two is filled in with grass and cuttings of reeds. The roof is supported on the inside by stems of palm-trees. The house contains three rooms. Two of these were occupied as sleeping-rooms by the bishop and Mr. Douglas Hooper. The centre room, which is the one shown in the sketch, was the dining-room of the whole party. In the centre we see the dining-table, used also as a writing-table. In this room visitors were received.

The whole history of this mission has been one of extreme interest. Only a very brief sketch can be quoted here.

"Mwanga the present king was the youngest son of King Mtesa, whom he was chosen to succeed on the throne of Uganda. Mr. Ashe tells us that by the law of the country the eldest son cannot take the place of his father. Besides the eldest son, Kiwewa, there were others, who, had the old custom of Uganda been followed, would all have lost their lives when Mwanga was made king. Mtesa himself had, on his accession, killed all his brothers but one. Owing, however, to the higher standard of right and wrong which the preaching of Christianity had introduced into the country, Mwanga's brothers were spared.

"The young king was but eighteen at the time of his father's death in October, 1884. As a lad he had several times visited the missionaries, and had promised if he ever became king to show them favor. The sudden elevation, however, seems to have turned his head. Former friendship and promises were forgotten, and he at once took up an attitude of antagonism towards the missionaries whom his father had, on the whole, protected. The next year witnessed the death of the three boy martyrs, the first Christians who suffered; then came the murder of Bishop Hannington; and the next year broke out the awful persecution in which two hundred converts, Romanists as well as Protestants, met their end by torture and fire.

But in October, 1888, came the revolution which drove Mwanga out of his kingdom, and decreed liberty of worship to both Christians and Mohammedans. Mwanga fled to Magu, on the southern shore of Speke Gulf, to the south-west of the Lake. Here he became virtually a prisoner in the hands of the Arabs, and dared not avail himself of MacKay's kindly offers of protection if he would come to Usambiro. At length, however, he managed to escape to the French Romanist Mission Station at Ukumbi, and there he made the nominal profession of Christianity.

"Meanwhile a second revolution drove the Christians from Uganda, the power being seized by the Mohammedans, and Kiwewa, failing to satisfy their demands, was murdered, and his brother Kalema placed on the throne. The Christians who at first took refuge in Ankoli, a dependent state to the west of Uganda, eventually sent for Mwanga, and after some fighting the Mohammedan party was driven out and the deposed king was, in October, 1889, reinstated in his kingdom. His brothers and sisters had all perished, and on the death of Kalema, Mwanga was left the only remaining child of the great Mtesa.

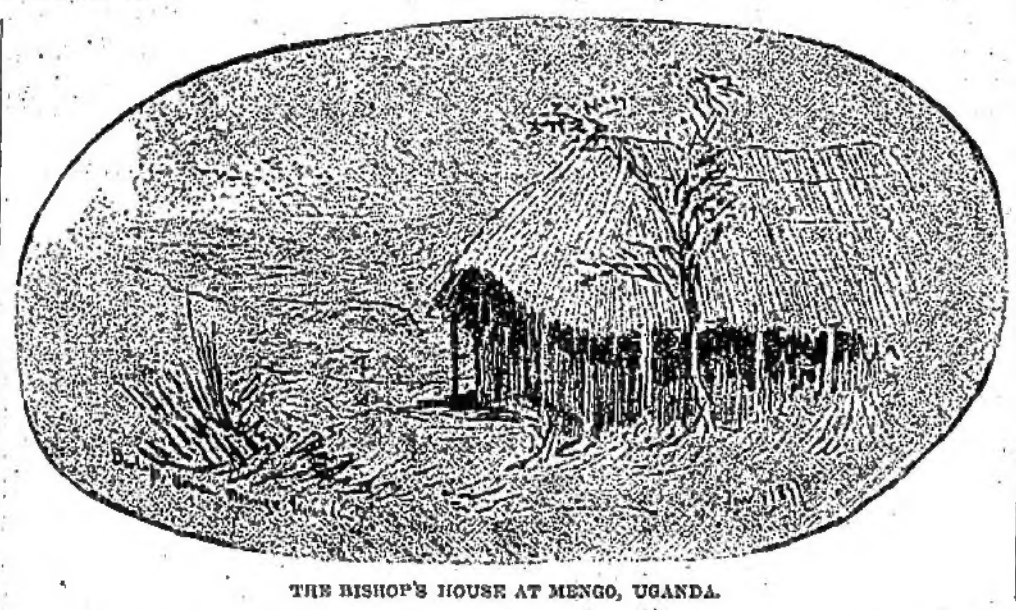
"But the strength of Uganda had been broken and the country brought to a deplorable condition. It was with great difficulty that the chiefs and their followers managed to keep off the Mohammedans and maintain the king in possession of his throne, and foreign help became desirable. Mwanga, who had already accepted a flag sent him by the British East Africa Company, grew impatient at the non-arrival of their agents, and signed a treaty with Dr. Peters, professing himself the vassal of Germany. When Messrs. Jackson and Gedge, of the I.B.E.A.C., arrived, they met with a cold reception. This matter was, however, set right by the Treaty of Berlin, signed on July 1st, 1890, by which Uganda was included in the territory reserved for the exercise of British influence.

"Towards the end of the year Captain Lugard arrived with a small force, on behalf of the Company, and since then he has built a fort, has several times defeated the Mohammedans, and saved the kingdom of Uganda from utter overthrow."

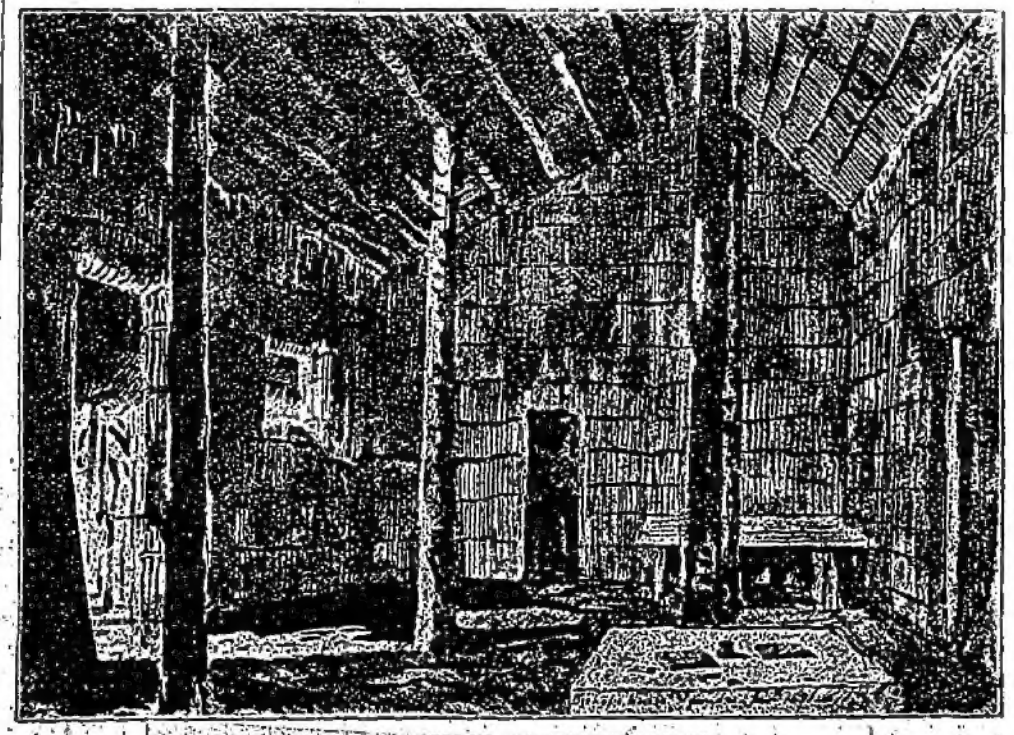
"There is now entire liberty of conscience and of worship in the country, although Mwanga of course favors the Romanists, who form a large party in the state."

Of the work there, as he found it when he first arrived, Bishop Tucker writes: "How shall I find language to describe the wonderful work of God's grace which has been going on in the land? Truly the half was not told me. Exaggeration about the eagerness of the people here to be taught there has been none. No words can describe the emotion which filled my heart as, on Sunday, December 28th, 1890, I stood up to speak to fully 1,000 men and women who crowded the church of Buganda. It was a wonderful sight! There, close beside me was the Katikiro—the second man in the kingdom. There, on every hand, were chiefs of various degrees, all Christian men, and all in their demeanor devout and earnest to a great degree. The responses, in their heartiness, were beyond anything I have heard even in Africa. There was a second service in the afternoon, at which there must have been fully 800 present. The same earnest attention was apparent, and the same spirit of devotion. I can never be sufficiently thankful to God for the glorious privilege of being permitted to preach to these dear members of Christ's flock.

"On Monday, the 29th, we paid our respects to the king in open court. At about half past nine a messenger came from the king to say that he was ready to see us. So, setting off, we reached the royal residence at about 10 a.m. Our party consisted of Messrs Walker, Gordon, Pilking-



THE BISHOP'S HOUSE AT MENGO, UGANDA.



IN THE BISHOP'S HOUSE.

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ton, Baskerville, Smith, Hooper, and myself. Outside the palace another messenger met us. I suppose he must have been the chamberlain. As we came near the reed gate which separated us from the audience or reception room, drums were beaten and trumpets blown. The gate was immediately thrown open and we were in the presence of the king and his court. The former at once rose up to greet us, shaking each one by the hand. Our seats, for we had taken the precaution to bring our chairs with us—were placed on the right hand of the king. He at once inquired about our journey and made various inquiries as to our ages, &c., at the same time making remarks as to the color of our hair, our height, &c., &c. With regard to the king himself his appearance is certainly not prepossessing. The impression he gives one is that of his being a self-*indulgent man*. When he knits his brows his aspect is very forbidding. During the whole time we were there he kept giving his hand either to the Katikiro on his left hand or to the Admiral on his right or to any one who amused him and was near at hand. I had intended to bring with me one or two presents for the king—not on the old scale or principles, but as a simple acknowledgment of his courtesy in sending canoes to Usambiro for our goods. But his unfaithfulness in regard to his promise recoiled upon his own head. Thinking that the canoes would follow us from Usambiro in a few days I left the presents for the king to be brought on later. No canoes appearing no presents were forthcoming. I thought the king seemed quite angry with those about him who were responsible for the departure of the canoes. At any rate he asked several very sharp questions with regard to the causes of the delay. The atmosphere of the reception room was oppressively close and so we were not sorry when the king rose up from his seat and the audience was at an end.

Jan. 6th, 1891.—On Sunday last I had another opportunity of speaking to the large congregation which week by week assembles in the church of Buganda. After speaking to the people on the "glad tidings of the Gospel of Christ," I addressed myself to the men, who, owing to the disturbed state of the country, are in the habit of bringing their guns and rifles to church. There are sometimes several hundred guns in church. The result of my appeal to them to leave their guns at home was that at the afternoon service only two guns were to be seen, and these were carried by men who had not been present at the morning service. If only I can persuade the French priests to adopt a similar course, a great step will have been taken towards the preservation of peace.

"It cannot, I think, be too clearly understood that while there is an intensely jealous and bitter feeling on the part of both the Protestants and Roman Catholics in Buganda, this feeling is not based upon religious but political differences. It is strife between the French and the English.

"I hope to license four or five young men as lay-workers or evangelists before I leave for the coast. My object is here, as at Rabai and other centres, to form a band of young men who shall be trained for itinerating work, with the ultimate object, if the Lord so direct, of the fittest being ordained for the work of the ministry. The Waganda have a peculiar aptitude for teaching. So sanguine am I with regard to this project that I shall be greatly disappointed if, within a very few years, we do not have not only a large body of native lay evangelists scattered over the land, but also the foundation of a zealous native ministry. The openings for workers are simply marvellous. I should say that such another open door does not exist in any other part of the world. And I should say, moreover, that in no other part of the world is there to be found a native church which is so disposed to support itself and its ministry as the church of Buganda. The land occupied by the missionaries is a gift from the people; the houses occupied by Messrs. Gordon and Walker were built for them by the Christians without any expectation of payment. And to crown all a large house of three rooms has been built for myself, and two smaller houses for the other members of my party. I have said that this crowns all, but it does not. Every day the Christians bring us food in such quantities that we have more than enough for sustenance."

VISIT YOUR SCHOLARS.

Scholars should be visited by teachers when they are sick or absent from school more than one session, or when it is known by the teacher that the scholar is passing through any severe trial or affliction. It is well for a school to have one month in the year known as "Visiting Month," on which teachers and scholars shall exchange visits. This plan has been proved a great benefit to individuals and schools. It pleases and encourages the scholar to see his teacher in his home, and to know that he was the object of the visit. A teacher who visits frequently has the added power which a pastor has who makes frequent visits. The teaching at the fireside is often better and more effective than from the pulpit. Many ordinary preachers are very successful because of the work done in the homes of the people. So with many teachers. Visits should be reciprocal. The scholar should be encouraged to visit his teacher frequently. Teachers who are busy most of the time should have an hour or evening each week when scholars might call upon him. Another and important mode of visiting is the recognition of scholars wherever they meet. Nothing will so discourage and disappoint children as for a teacher to pass them without speaking. Always speak a kind word, and put yourself out of the way to make the moment one of pleasure to the scholar you meet. The writer once knew a superintendent who was walking with a distinguished senator on the street in the city in which he lived. Seeing coming toward him, but on the opposite side of the street, two poor girls just coming from their work who had recently joined his school, he asked the senator to come over with him that he might recognize the girls and speak a pleasant word to them. That man was a successful leader.

WORK.

Jane Dewey, said the old village pastor, came home from boarding-school when she was nineteen years old. She had been absent several years, for her father was in quite ordinary circumstances, and not able to bring her home in vacations. She was a pale, worn-looking girl, cold and reserved in manner, and evidently carried some burden of grief or anxiety. After a few weeks she brought it to me, asking my counsel.

"I became a member of the church this spring," she said. "How can I be cheerful or laugh like the rest? I must save my soul. I am full of faults. When I count them, and pray over them, I am miserable."

It was her habit, she told me, to keep a record of all her sins. A certain hour each day was given up to this work.

"But have you nothing to do for others?" I asked.

"Others! Is not my first duty to endeavor to overcome my own faults?" she retorted, irritably.

After this she visited me frequently, and wrote me interminable letters, all in the same unhealthy tone. One day she was sure she had committed the unpardonable sin. The next she had doubts concerning some theological doctrine. The third her "heart was cold." So she grew all the time more morbid, and gloomy, and selfish.

I said to her, "You say you have given yourself to Christ? By this you mean, or ought to mean, that you have given yourself to his service. Instead of this perpetual misery, you should be glad and thankful that he has accepted your service. But what service do you render him? None. The work which he means you to do for others would strengthen and uplift your own soul more than all this morbid introspection."

But she was deaf to all suggestion or argument.

During that summer her mother died, and afterwards her father was thrown from his horse, and confined to his bed for many weeks. The charge of the house and five children was thrown upon her.

As the busy, anxious weeks passed, she grew, strangely enough, plump and ruddy and cheerful. She came to me for advice, sometimes; but it was to know how to enliven her father, who was sinking into dull despair, or how to keep David and John away from bad company. The little children, too, required constant attention.

"If mother was only here!" she said. "I am so ignorant! I do all I can, and in my prayers look above for guidance."

"And about yourself, Jane?" I asked.

She blushed. "I have no time now to think of myself," she said. "I must trust Christ for his promised acceptance notwithstanding my errors, while I do this work which he has given me."

Many well-meaning Christians actually nourish faults in themselves by unhealthy broodings over their own condition. The best remedy is active work for others.—*Youth's Companion.*

ABOUT BAD TEMPER.

A bad temper is one of the worst things with which a man or woman can be afflicted. It is a curse to the possessor, and those who are obliged to live in the same house with the possessor of the complaining temper are martyrs. It is often said that we should not let the bad temper of others influence us, but it would be as unreasonable to spread a blister of Spanish flies on the skin and not expect it to draw, as to think of a family not suffering on account of the bad temper of one of its members. It is like the sting of a scorpion, or of several scorpions, a perpetual source of irritation, destroying your peace and rendering life a burden. To hear one everlasting complaint and growl, to have every agreeable thought chased away by this evil spirit of disputatiousness, is more than flesh and blood can stand. This would be a better world if the people who lose their tempers would never find them again.—*Texas Siftings.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON IV.—APRIL 24, 1892.

THE LORD MY SHEPHERD.—Psalm 23:1-6.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 1-6.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want."—Psalm 23:1.

HOME READINGS.

M. Psalm 23:1-6.—The Lord is my Shepherd.
T. Psalm 95:1-11.—The Sheep of His Hand.
W. Isaiah 40:1-11.—Feeding the Flock.
Th. Ezek. 34:1-24.—Feeding Themselves.
F. John 10:1-18.—Jesus the Good Shepherd.
S. John 10:22-42.—Following the Shepherd.
S. 1 Peter 5:1-11.—Feed the Flock of God.

LESSON PLAN.

I. In Green Pastures. vs. 1, 2.
II. Through the Valley of Shadows. vs. 3, 4.
III. Goodness and Mercy. vs. 5, 6.

TIME,—Probably about B.C. 1040.

PLACE,—Jerusalem, written by David.

OPENING WORDS.

David was the author of this Psalm. It is a beautiful description of God's care over his people, under the figure of a shepherd and his flock, suggested, no doubt, by the writer's recollection of his own pastoral life, though written at a much later period.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

1. *The Lord is my shepherd*—God's care for his people is often represented under this figure. Psalm 78:52; 80:1; 95:7; Isa. 40:11; Ezek. 34:12; Micah 7:14. The figure is expressly used with reference to Christ. Zech. 13:7; John 10:11, 14; Heb. 13:20; 1 Peter 2:25; 5:4. *I shall not want*—this is the theme or motive of the whole Psalm. 2. *Green pastures*—here mentioned, not as supplying food, but as places of cool, refreshing rest. *Still waters*—whose quiet flow invites to repose. 3. *He restoreth my soul*—he revives or quickens my wearied spirit. *Paths of righteousness*—and therefore paths of peace and safety. 4. *The valley of the shadow of death*—in the darkest and most trying hour in danger, distress and sorrow; in the hour of death. *Thou art with me*—nothing shall separate from his love. *Thy rod and thy staff*—symbols of the shepherd's office and tokens of his presence. 5. Another figure to express God's provident care. *A table*, or food; anointing *oil*, the symbol of gladness; and the overflowing *cup*, which represents abundance, are prepared for the child of God in spite of his enemies.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What was the subject of the last lesson? What do we learn from God's works? What from his word? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. IN GREEN PASTURES. vs. 1, 2.—What is the opening verse of this Psalm? In what other passages of the Old Testament is God spoken of as the shepherd of his people? How does Christ thus speak of himself? What is said of the shepherd in verse 2? What does the good shepherd do for the peace and security of his flock?

II. THROUGH THE VALLEY OF SHADOWS. vs. 3, 4.—What is said of the shepherd in verse 3? Meaning of *restoreth my soul*? Of *for his name's sake*? Repeat verse 4. What is meant by *the valley of the shadow of death*? Why are *rod* and *staff* here mentioned? What has he done for his sheep? John 10:11-18.

III. GOODNESS AND MERCY. vs. 5, 6.—Repeat verse 5. Explain this verse? What is the Psalmist's assurance? What great things may Christ's sheep expect from their shepherd in this life? In the hour of death? In the world to come?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. God has an ever-watchful care over his people.
2. They should trust in his care and listen to his voice.
3. He will be with them, their comfort in every trial, their defence in every danger, and their support in the hour of death.
4. His goodness and mercy shall follow them all their days.
5. They shall dwell in his house for ever.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. How did David declare his trust in the Lord? Ans. The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.
2. How did the Good Shepherd show his care for him? Ans. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.
3. What supported the Psalmist in the prospect of trials and death? Ans. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

What grateful acknowledgment did he make? Ans. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

5. What was his confidence for the future? Ans. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

LESSON V.—MAY 1, 1892.

THE PRAYER OF THE PENITENT.

Psalm 51:1-13.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 10-13.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me."—Psalm 51:10.

HOME READINGS.

M. Psalm 6:1-10.—Mercy Sought.
T. Psalm 130:1-8.—"Forgiveness with Thee."
W. Psalm 51:1-19.—The Prayer of the Penitent.
Th. Luke 15:1-21.—The Return of the Penitent.
F. Luke 18:9-14.—The Pardon of the Penitent.
S. Psalm 116:1-19.—The Gratitude of the Penitent.
S. Psalm 32:1-11.—The Joy of Forgiveness.

LESSON PLAN.

I. A Prayer of Confession. vs. 1-5.
II. A Prayer for Heart-Cleansing. vs. 6-10.
III. A Prayer for Restored Favor. vs. 11-13.

TIME.—B.C. 1034.

PLACE.—Written by David in Jerusalem.

OPENING WORDS.

This Psalm was written by David after the prophet Nathan had reproved him for a great sin (2 Sam. 12:1-13). It illustrates true repentance, in which are comprised conviction, confession, sorrow, prayer for mercy, and purpose of amendment, accompanied by a lively faith.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

1. *Blot out*—as from a register. 3. *Ever before me*—gives me no rest. 4. *Against thee*—all wrong to man is sin against God, and that sin was so great as to overshadow the wrong to man. *Mightest be justified*—be shown to be just in the severest punishment. 5. *Behold*—he traces his sin back to a corrupt nature, not as an excuse or palliation, but as an aggravation of his sin. 7. *Purge me with hyssop*—he prays for purification by the atoning blood, symbolized by the blood sprinkled by the hyssop plant in the ceremonial purifications (Exod. 12:22; Lev. 14:52; Num. 19:19). 8. *Make me to hear joy*—the voice of pardon, which will change distress to joy. 9. *Hide thy face*—turn from beholding. 10. *A clean heart*—free from sin, pure, holy. 11. *Thy presence*—thy favor. 12. *With thy free Spirit*—Revised Version, "with a free spirit"—a willing spirit, ready for service; the spirit of the penitent, not the Holy Spirit. 13. *Then will I teach*—by my repentance and new obedience, as well as by words of instruction.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What was the subject of the last lesson? Repeat the twenty-first Psalm. Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. A PRAYER OF CONFESSION. vs. 1-5.—For what did David pray? How did he enforce his plea? What further did he ask? What confession did he make? Against whom had he sinned? How is every sin against God? What should encourage us to confess our sins? 1 John 1:9.

II. A PRAYER FOR HEART-CLEANSING. vs. 6-10.—What does God desire? For what did David pray? Meaning of *purge me with hyssop*? What will be the effect if God purge and wash us? How may we be cleansed from the impurity of sin? What has God promised to the penitent? Ezek. 36:26. What is sanctification? What is promised to the pure in heart? Matt. 5:8.

III. A PRAYER FOR RESTORED FAVOR. vs. 11-13.—From what does David pray not to be cast away? Whom does he ask not to be taken from him? What to be restored to him? What is *the joy of salvation*? What would follow his restoration to favor?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. We should confess our sins and pray for pardon.
2. We should pray for purity as well as for pardon.
3. The blood of Christ will cleanse us from the darkest stains of sin.
4. The joy of salvation should make us earnest to bring others to the Saviour.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What was David's confession? Ans. I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me.
2. How did he pray for forgiveness? Ans. Have mercy upon me, O God...blot out my transgressions.
3. What was his prayer for heart-cleansing? Ans. Create in me a clean heart, O God.
4. How did he pray for restored favor? Ans. Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation, and uphold me with thy free Spirit.
5. What would follow his heart-cleansing and restored favor? Ans. Then will I teach transgressors thy ways: and sinners shall be converted unto thee.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

NO TIME TO READ.

How often do we see the young wife, fond of books before marriage, give up almost all reading as soon as, if not before, the advent of the first baby.

An occasional look at the daily paper, a little later on some anxious study of "the fashions" to see how Miss Baby's new dress should be made—that, with once in a while a new recipe, make up the sum total of her literary research.

She does know who is President, and Governor of her own State. The news of a great war, accident, murder or a general public calamity, comes to her ears sooner or later; but anything like the real literary news of the day is a sealed book.

If a young housekeeper "does her own work," or even if she has a maid to assist her after the babies come, her hands and time seem full. But I know one housekeeper, the mother of five children, who often did her own work, and never had more than one servant in the kitchen, who looked well to the ways of her household, gave her children most excellent care, and brought them safely through the trials and tribulations incident to childhood, and who always found or made time to read. She improved the minutes; therein lay the secret of her success. When she sat down to nurse the baby some reading was always near at hand, at least the daily or weekly paper. She would sit close to a table, have the paper spread out and elevated a little; if it were evening, the light arranged to shine on the paper but not in the baby's eyes. When there was bread to mix, a book of "solid" reading was carefully propped up behind the mixing pan, so she could easily "read, mark, learn and inwardly digest" the two pages before her. When the stocking mending came, a book of lighter reading lay in her lap, held open by the scissors or a little sand-roll. As she pulled out the long thread she would read a bit, also at the beginning and end of each darn, the pleasant story serving to lighten the disagreeable task.

Her husband's business employed him evenings, and the children being in bed, she had leisure to indulge herself in the society of her beloved books. Fortunately she could do this with ease, whilst knitting rapidly, because there was often much necessary knitting to be done in the long winter evenings. There was no public library or reading-room in town, not even a circulating library, but she formed a club of a few friends, who each subscribed for one of the best periodicals of the day, each member reading the magazine or paper in turn. Although she could not read many of the new books, she read, at least, many of the book notices and reviews, and learned what books were really worth reading, and bought a notable new book, now and then, with carefully saved pennies. Her children grew up, as one might suppose, fond of reading, and read at an unusually early age. Now she is an old lady, but well up with the times in regard to literary matters. Her children read to her, evenings, to save her dear old eyes, but she spends many happy hours in her favorite pursuits, and her intellect is keen and bright.—*Household.*

ECONOMY IN HOUSE WORK.

When on one pair of hands, one pair of feet and one brain depends the smooth running of the household machinery, it is not surprising that the motor power is soon consumed and consigned to retirement in the cemetery; or partly consumed, a physical wreck the consequence. Believing that "cleanliness is next to godliness" is not what is wearing out our women, but the effort to realize that proverb is what is doing all the mischief.

One hundred years from now it will make no difference to your present neighbor whether you did your work by a cast-iron system or whether you kept everything in apple-pie order. But, dear mother, it will make a difference to the future generations descending from you.

It is a mother's first duty to take the best care of which she is capable of her health. If she cannot do this and do her work according to her standard, she should care for herself first and let the work be of secondary importance. Her life is given her, not to crush out by overwork, but for usefulness and the training of her children.

For the farmer's wife there is always an excess of work, but by careful management and by the employment of labor-saving inventions, the additional cost of which will be but a few dollars, many a restful hour will be found that would otherwise be an impossibility. If, however, the dollars are not forthcoming with which to purchase the luxurious utensils, it naturally follows that you must do the next best thing—bring constant thought to bear on your work and you will soon find many ways to alleviate the toil attending housekeeping and kitchen work. For example, in the every-day work of preparing vegetables for dinner, it is far less fatiguing to sit than to stand. Have for the purpose a rather high stool.

When preparing a meal it will facilitate dishwashing if water is poured into the cooking utensils immediately after the contents have been removed. If the vessels are very greasy, add a little concentrated lye, pearline or soda. A home-made dish-drainer is very useful, and one is very easily made from a leaky tin pan of convenient size, by puncturing a number of small holes in the bottom with an awl. If there is no sewer leading from the kitchen sink, it will save the housewife many steps if the swill-pails are brought inside. They should be nicely painted, and a piece of oil-cloth provided to set them on. The kitchen and pantry floors, if uncarpeted, should be painted some pretty, light color; yellow or pink are colors that will show soiling least. The dark shades are not advisable. If you cannot conveniently get the paint, two coats of linseed-oil will more than repay you for the small outlay; besides, it will preserve your floors. It seems wrong to wear yourself out scrubbing when oil and paint are so cheap. An article worth many times its cost to the overworked housewife, yet often condemned under the false impression that it is injurious to carpets, is the carpet-sweeper. Many housewives sweep daily with the broom when the use of a carpet-sweeper would render a thorough sweeping necessary but once a week.

A slip of cheese-cloth or muslin over the feather-bed or mattress would save much work, as it is easily removed when soiled.

The watchful, intelligent mother will find many ways to lighten her burden, and where an article seems really necessary to her preservation, it seems little short of cruelty to deprive her of it. Her city sisters, though they may not possess one tenth as much of this world's goods as she does, are not slow to procure the things that will make life more pleasurable and easy. I know from observation that the dread of parting with a few dollars is the cause of many farmers' wives leading lives that are very closely allied to slavery. Dear mothers, this is all wrong. If you can afford it, get what will make life less wearying. Save your health and disposition for something higher. Don't get into the way of letting your work master you and so deprive yourself of life's best blessing—health. —*Eliza Renan, in Farm and Fireside.*

THE SCIENCE OF DUSTING.

It is a science, since the doctors have discovered for us that the furnishings of our houses are the camping ground of lively unknowables called bacteria. The removal of it is, therefore, not only a performance of esthetic necessity, but of the greatest sanitary importance as well. It is not going too far to say that there is just as much need of classes in the hygienes of cleaning and dusting as there is of cooking classes.

The simple displacement of dust isn't dusting, and the whisking of the feather is no more evidence of cleanliness than the possession of many books nowadays is an evidence of learning. A room is dusted only when the dust is taken out of the room. This is done by using a soft, slightly dampened cloth to dust with and by wiping the surface of each article slowly and with care not to throw the particles of dust up in the air, whence they will settle again instantly somewhere else.

The utility of the feather-duster except for walls is to be doubted, and even for walls a soft cloth is better. A thin silk cloth or a piece of cheese-cloth makes a good duster. So does a soft, firm woollen cloth, but linen and cotton-flannel leave lint behind them. One woman uses all of her worn-out silk stockings for dusting and still another makes loose mittens out of old woollen which she puts on as dusters. A turkey's wing is admirable to get the dust out of chinks and between rails, and chamois gives a last polish better than anything else. The best polish in all the world to keep furniture from looking dingy is the following: Two tablespoonfuls cotton-seed oil, one tablespoonful turpentine. Instead of cotton-seed oil grout oil and good vegetable oil may be used. This should be well rubbed into the wood and then a last polishing given with chamois. This is the recipe of a famous furniture dealer in New York.—*Helen Watterson.*

HOW I WAS EDUCATED.

[From an article in the *Forum* thus entitled, by Timothy Dwight.]

My simple story is told. If there is any suggestion which it offers, it is, I think, that of the importance of the family life in giving the impulse to intellectual growth. Education is like religion in many respects. It is so in this. The children of a household grow most easily and naturally in the religious life, not when the parents are always talking about it, and forcing it upon them, but when the atmosphere of the house is so full of religion that they do not think of any other life. And, in the same way, where parents make their children sharers in a true intellectual life possessed by themselves, and make the house full of the sense of the blessedness of knowing, the minds of the children will surely be awake to knowledge, and will be educated as the years go on. My own mind was awakened in this way. The years of manhood have not done for me all that I could have wished, or all that they may have done for many others; but the impulse given me in my early home made me rejoice in the waking of my own mental powers, and whatever I may accomplish, or fail to accomplish, to the view of others, I have found so much delight in this working, and in observing it, that I shall never intellectually go to sleep. And so my answer to the question, "How I was educated," ends where it began. I had the right mother.

EARNING MONEY AT HOME.

A correspondent of the *Voice* says:—Almost invariably the women who fail are those who make a fatal mistake at the very beginning of their efforts, that of selecting work they fancy will pay, without any regard to their adaptability for it. We nearly all have some gift, something we can do and like to do. Stick to that and perfect yourself in it. Do not be easily discouraged. Mediocrity is at a discount; the "gilt-edged" article sells every time.

I know one lady who confines her entire attention to lemon pies, making a certain number every morning for a store, and she finds ready sale for them. These pies are simply perfect, pastry, filling and baking, week after week, they never vary. The demand is steady the year around. Another lady knits and crochets baby sacques, nothing else. A large fancy store takes all she can produce, provides the material, paying her so much a slip for her work. These sacques are the daintiest things imaginable, and of infinite variety of stitch and coloring.

Another friend earns pin-money in winter by making mince pies and fruit cake, the latter being made any size desired, selling at so much a pound. Another makes good yeast and sells it. Another is celebrated for her tomato catsup. Another decorates houses of the wealthy for teas, dinners, balls, weddings, etc. Originality, deft fingers, a fine eye for color,—these are her helpers. All of these women have made a success of their work.

Do we not all know of others who try first one thing then another, succeeding at none? The trouble generally is that their work is poor, not above the average, so that there is no demand for their productions. Can you wash, or bake, or sew, or knit, or write, or whatsoever you can do, do it well. You will find if yours is better than others in the same line, you will soon reap the benefit.

LIBRARIES FOR FARMING COMMUNITIES.

I do not know who secured the law to establish township libraries in Indiana, but may every blessing rest on him! For he did a wonderful work, and the man or committee who selected the books had a genius for the task which rose to an inspiration. How many rainy days, how many long winter evenings, how many noon hours did I spend in poring over the Abbot histories, the narratives of travel and those books in which scientific principles were popularly explained! The recollections of the vast benefit and pleasure I derived in that little library—a mere handful of books—to which I trudged a long distance through rain and snow to get an occasional coveted volume, leaves the firm conviction in my mind that the benevolence and wisdom of man cannot devise a more beneficent instrumentality than some general scheme whereby instructive and entertaining books may be made readily accessible to the youth of the rural portions of our country.—*The Forum.*

FOR THE TRAVELLING BAG.

A convenient little case in which to carry the necessary medicines when travelling is of gray or brown linen. To make this, lay together two pieces of linen, each sixteen inches long by twenty inches wide, and cut out of each corner a piece five inches deep and six inches wide, which will leave a cross-shaped pattern. Make the side flaps of this oval, and bind the whole neatly with brown silk braid. Get five small square bottles about four inches long, with rubber corks, and fill them with ammonia, camphor, glycerine, and so forth and paste plainly marked labels on each. Then take a piece of fancy silk elastic one and a half inches wide, and fasten either end of it across the centre of the case; tack it at equal intervals in four places between, and slip in the bottles. Sew a piece of braid on the top flap, and fold in the case like an envelope, and tie together. —*Harper's Bazar.*

WHOLE FRIED POTATOES.—In no other way except baking, is the whole flavor so retained. Boil whole potatoes—first removing a single strip of skin all round—about twenty minutes. Drain, pour a cupful of cold water over them, drain again and wipe off the skins in a clean cloth. Then drop into a kettle of hot fat and brown nicely. Serve immediately. These make a delicious breakfast-dish to serve with chops or cutlets.

PUZZLES NO. 7.

SCRIPTURE EXERCISE.

1. An ancient riddle maker.
2. A noted oppressor of God's chosen people.
3. One of the patriarchs.
4. A city near Jerusalem where Samuel lived.
5. An ancient prophet.
6. The birthplace of Paul.

The initials spell the name of an immaterial, immortal, but thinking being.

ANNIE M. PROUDFOOT.

WHO IS HE?

Decay and change his pathway mark,
In seasons all and places;
His touch by day or in the dark,
The works of man defaces.

He heals the wounds that sorrow makes,
Cools anger's fiercest burning;
Brings many gifts; our record takes,
And knoweth no returning.

ANDREW A. SCOTT.

DROP-VOWEL VERSE.

L—t —s th—n b— —p —nd d— —ng.
W—th — h— —rt f—r —ny t—te.
St—ll —ch— —v—ng, st—ll p—rs— —ng,
L— —rn t— l—b—r —nd t— w— —t.

DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. Part of the verb "to be." 3. A man's name. 4. Termination. 5. A letter.

ENIGMA.

My first is in tail but not in end,
My second is in borrow but not in lend;
My third is in mutton but not in sheep,
My fourth is in napping but not in sleep;
My fifth is in tremble but not in shake,
My sixth is in boiling but not in bake;
My seventh is in street but not in road,
My eighth is in house but not in abode:
My whole names fruits of affection.

"I. G. P."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES No. 6.

BIBLE PUZZLE.—Job 2: 11, 12, 13.

HIDDEN TREES.—1. Pine. 2. Ash. 3. Maple. 4. Willow. 5. Elm. 6. Cedar. 7. Apples. 8. Pear.

REBUS.—Burns.

SQUARE WORD.—C R O W
R I P E
O P E N
W E N T

REBUS.—Milton.

ENIGMA.—*Northern Messenger.*

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Annie May Proudfoot.

The Family Circle.

A HELPING HAND.

A helping hand we all may give,
If but a pleasant word to say,
And something find each day we live
To help another on the way.

A helping hand may sow the seed
From which the fruits of goodness grow,
And to the right may gently lead
The erring from the path of woe.

A helping hand to all mankind,
Among the rich, the poor, the low,
In every state of life can find
An act of kindness to bestow.

A helping hand we all may need.
When darkest sorrows leave their trace,
Some one to comfort and to lead,
To give us strength divine and grace.

A helping hand where'er we go,
A ray of sunshine may impart,
And but a deed of kindness show
A noble and a generous heart.

A helping hand is ever near,
In passing through life's troubled tide,
When all the world seems cold and drear,
It is a never failing guide.

—*Good Housekeeping.*

THE LITTLE WHITE-RIBBONER.

BY LIZZIE YOUNG BUTLER.

"Come in, darling. Carl is here. You haven't see him since you came home."

Little Daisy Belknap opened the door a wee bit further, and entered the room bearing her box of china dishes with her.

"How do you do, Miss Daisy? Did you have a pleasant time up country? Let me see; whom did you visit?"

"My Aunt 'Liza, and I had a nice time, I thank you," replied bright Daisy, offering her small hand to her auntie's gentleman caller.

"And what have you here?" queried Mr. Carl, noting the little wooden box which Daisy was opening. "Dishes! are you going to give a party?"

"No, Mr. Carl, I'm a fine caterer, and I want you and auntie to have some of my choc'late and cake," said the bright little girl, turning into the tiny china cup a pretended draught of the healthy beverage.

"Oh, if you please, Mistress Caterer, I would prefer wine or champagne with my cake."

Daisy looked from her sweet, innocent eyes the surprise which she felt, and her answer, "I hasn't any wine to offer folks," brought a slight flush to the young man's face.

"Very well, I'm not particular; a cup of nice, sweet cider will do as well."

Daisy packed the dishes back into their box with the least perceptible show of disappointment, and turned to Mr. Carl with a quiver about her sweet lips.

"Don't you know, Mr. Carl, that cider is what they make d'unkards out of?" and she took her little china dishes and left the room, her little brown-covered head drooping sadly.

The flush deepened on the young man's face as he remarked to Daisy's aunty, with an uneasy laugh: "Quite a fanatic, isn't she? What has changed the child so?"

"I knew you would notice the change, Carl, but I did not think it would be so soon. It is as well. In her quiet, yet decided, loyalty to the temperance cause, Daisy has converted the entire family. Father resented her 'interference,' as he called it, at first, but when I told him the whole story, he gave his order for nothing stronger than coffee to ever appear on our table again. So we are all fanatics, you see."

"But what has that to do with Daisy's fanaticism?" impatiently asked the listener.

"Near Aunt Eliza's, where we have been visiting, Daisy and I, lives a very nice family of father, mother and three sweet-mannered children. The little girls and boy were Daisy's companions and playmates all the time while we were there. One morning Daisy put on her cloak and hat as usual, and started off to the Dean's with permission to remain to dinner. This was not an unusual occurrence, so I kissed her good-by and watched her over the hill, thinking what a sweet little five-year-old she was.

"Aunt Eliza and I were busy with our needles, when, glancing from the window, I saw Daisy come running as fast as she could, and crying as though her heart would break. She rushed into the room, and to my arms. As soon as the worst of her weeping was checked I endeavored to ascertain what was the trouble, but she could tell me nothing coherent. I could distinguish 'cider' and 'd'unkard,' but the rest was unintelligible to me. Finding that she was willing to remain with Aunt Eliza, I hurriedly threw on my wraps, and went up the hill with all possible haste.

"I found Mrs. Dean's eyes very red, and, as I began to question her, she burst into tears, saying, 'Come in here.' All I saw on entering the bed-room was the youngest child, a winsome little girl about Daisy's age, lying on the bed sleeping heavily. I looked at Mrs. Dean and she answered the question in my eyes by a smothered whisper, 'She's drunk!' and then she burst into tears again.

"A chill of unbelieving horror stole over me as I led the sobbing woman from the room. As soon as she was sufficiently calm she related to me her morning's experience: 'Mr. Dean had that morning brought his cider from the mill. The children had all drank what they wished, as was usual at such times, and the barrel was left on its side in the orchard until he should wish to remove it to the cellar. He afterwards told me that Daisy found Reba there when she came, and ran to him saying: "Weba's hurt out in the orchard. She must be hurted bad 'cause she didn't answer when I called and shook her." I hurried out to find my child lying in a heap near the cider barrel, and my attempts to rouse her were vain. No hint of the cause of her state had entered my mind until I noticed that the faucet in the barrel was only partially turned, and then the awful truth burst upon me. I must have frightened dear little Daisy with my talk, for I screamed for Mr. Dean, and as he came running to me, I pointed to Reba, and told him what I thought. I presume she caught the words "cider" and "drunk," and knew it must be something dreadful from the way we acted. That is all; only, Miss Belknap, no child of mine shall ever taste another drop of cider if I can prevent it! Our dear, innocent, little girl drunk, and we are to blame!'"

Carl had been pacing the length of the long room with restless strides, and now stopped in front of the narrator, saying: "I should think so! I never heard of such a thing!"

"That is not all," continued Miss Belknap. "Coming home, as the train rumbled into a small station, a number of women came into our car and took the seats in front of us. I soon learned from their conversation, and from the white ribbon on their jackets, that they were W.C.T.U. delegates on their way to the state convention in Agusta. Daisy's eyes spied the ribbon bow, and she questioned me closely about it, so, as well as I was able, being an outsider, I explained its significance. The result was that Daisy said, with a decided ring in her childish voice:

"'Well, I want a white ribbon so I can show to everybody that I'm temp'rance. I'll never, never taste cider nor wine nor nothing that they make d'unkards out of.'

"The lady sitting just in front of us turned and smilingly said:

"'I heard you, my dear, and may God help you. I have a ribbon with me, and I shall be happy and proud to pin it on your cloak, and you shall be our little white-ribboner.'

"That's all, Carl, but it's a great deal. I'm a W.C.T.U.-er now, see?" and she pointed to her white ribbon.

"Thank you," said Carl soberly, "if you will excuse me, I'll be going now. I want to think," and pressing Miss Belknap's hand Carl Russell took his hat and closed the door behind him. Madge Belknap sighed. She had hoped that the simple narrative would impress Carl; and again she sighed.

That night at the club the boys were astonished when Carl Russell, the "boy of the boys," refused his glass of wine.

"What's up, Russell? ain't sick, are you?" queried Ray Powers.

Then Carl repeated the story that Madge had told him in the morning, adding this:

"Boys, I've adopted Daisy's Motto, 'I'll never, never taste cider nor wine nor nothing that they make d'unkards out of.' I've been inquiring around and I find that men can be honorary members of the W.C.T.U. by paying a yearly fee of one dollar, and I have decided to join; how many of you go with me? Remember, no more cards as well as no more drinks!"

The nine young fellows rose as one man. "Then we'll wear a white ribbon bow with a daisy centre for our badge, that all who see us may know that we are 'temp'rance.' Here's to Daisy Belknap and the W.C.T.U., God bless them!" and the ten glasses of water were drunk with a rousing cheer.—*Union Signal.*

THE USE OF MARGINS.

BY FRANCES E. WILLARD.

Most of us remember what Garfield said about those evenings when he was a freshman in Williams College and stood in his window and saw in the window of the young man who was his only competitor for first place in mathematics the light twinkling a few minutes longer than he was wont to keep his own light burning. That sturdy and well-balanced mind then and there determined to invest a little more time in preparation for the next day's recitation-room. This he did, and soon stood unapproached in scholarship. President Garfield in an off-handed talk related this incident, of course more modestly than I have given it here, and said he was thankful that thus early in his life his attention was so emphatically called to the value of margins; for it is the margin of attention, of time, of earnestness, of power, that wins in every battle, great and small. This thought is as old as history, but needs to be reaffirmed and emphasized in the ears of our young folks day by day. For myself, I am thankful that a profound love of biography early sent me to the study of how great men reached the heights. Perhaps the secret is revealed in these four lines:—

"The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

Now, as I am constitutionally opposed to night work and night study, I have taken this saying metaphorically. There is no night so deep and dense as that of inattention, reverie, aimlessness, indolence, self-pleasing. The one shadow that broods over youth has these component parts, because it is the great disadvantage of youth that it has not learned relative values, does not see objects in perspective, has not discovered that the long run is the only run worth making; and so in its sweet simplicity, artlessness, and ignorance, youth inclines to take up what is nearest, and to do the thing that it likes to do, seeking happiness as the outcome, while sober second thought fixes its eye on that which is farther away, is willing to wait, and takes blessedness instead.

Some kill time, some squander it, some invest it. The lives clearly show which of these three things they have done. He who runs may read. The very direction of the wrinkles of their foreheads will teach an observant person which of the three they have done. The very look in the corners of the mouth, the glint of the eye, each attitude, each motion, tells as plainly which of these three they have done as if they had written it out before you on a blackboard. A lady who knew Joseph Cook when he was a student at Andover mentioned to me that while waiting for breakfast at the boarding-house the young men would stand about, chaffing each other; but he, if there were so much as half a minute, turned to the big dictionary in the corner of the room, and learned the synonyms for a word, or searched out its derivation. It is a cheap thing to say that Joseph Cook has evidently swallowed the dictionary, and I have heard the remark made by cheap people; but our age has not produced a nobler genus, or a more magnificent specimen of true Christian manhood. The question is, as Garfield says, one of the "margins." How do you use the little ragged edge of time between classes, on the way to your recitation? Are you turning over some rich morsel of the Gospels? Are you learning a bit of verse from some great author? Are you thinking of the original utterances of your professor in the last recitation? In short, is your mind working? for the mind can always be at work in the most useful, vigorous, kindly, and tranquil way, unperturbed by mean little jealousies, contumelies, detractions, flying on its strong, swift wing up above the fogs and damps of ignoble gossip and fruitless colloquialism. You have the wings. Are you using them? Macaulay, whose name was perhaps unequalled in his day, said that as a boy he formed the habit of taking his eyes off the book or paper when he had read a page or a column, and of obliging his memory to produce for him what he had read. He said this became such a fixed habit that he could not comfortably do otherwise. To my mind that habit was worth more than a million dollars in the bank. It was worth more to his character, to his work in the world, to his fame. And fame is a great and beautiful thing when honestly earned and humbly enjoyed, when it is simply the mercury in the barometer showing how high the atmosphere of our spirits has ranged. It should never be the end, though it may be an end, and perhaps must be to all adventurous and dauntless souls, for the reason that the good will and confidence of men are among the best indicators that we have of those qualities carried to the infinity of God's nature, and in the general opinion of the best men and women among whom we live we can see something of a reflex of his judgment as to what we are trying to accomplish.

Garfield always had a book at table, and asked his youngsters, as they sat about him in the home at Mentnor, how they pronounced certain words and what the definitions were. He asked them to quote from this and that great author, and in a sentence to serve up their opinion concerning great men and women. This was as natural to him as it was to breathe. A boy born in an Ohio clearing, who wore neither shoes nor stockings till he was quite a lad, who had the hardest fare and the roughest surroundings, he had in the very warp and woof of his nature the golden thread of aspiration. It seems to me what we need is a more acute attention and diviner curiosity. It is wonderful how many minds are a period instead of an interrogation point, and as for an exclamation point as the symbol of a mind, only the greatest were ever that. The wonder and the beauty of the world are passed by as a matter of course, and he who exclaims over them is considered as indulging in gush. The power of the human mind to resist knowledge is almost equal to that of a clay bank to shed water. Cultivate curiosity. Throw your mind into the attitude of questioning. One does not always need to end a question with an interrogation. He can say, "I wonder whether," "I wonder why." It is beautiful to be a wonderer, and there are so many people willing to tell you if you will but take the attitude of a learner, and the greatest minds have gone through the world as learners. You know Socrates said to those about him, "The only difference between you and me is that you, knowing nothing, think that you know something, while I, knowing nothing, am aware of it."—*Golden Rule.*

JOHN KNOX'S PRAYER FOR SCOTLAND.

During the troublous times when the Popish court and aristocracy were endeavoring to suppress the Reformation in Scotland, and the cause of Protestant Christianity was in imminent peril, late on a certain night, John Knox was seen to leave his study, and to pass from the house down into an enclosure to the rear of it. He was followed by a friend; when, after a few moments of silence, his voice was heard as if in prayer. In another moment the accents deepened into intelligible words, and the earnest petition went up from his struggling soul to heaven, "O Lord, give me Scotland, or I die!" Then a pause of hushed stillness, when again the petition broke forth, "O Lord, give me Scotland, or I die!" Once more all was voiceless and noiseless, when with a yet intenser pathos, the thrice-repeated intercession struggled forth, "O Lord, give me Scotland, or I die!" And God gave him Scotland, in spite of Mary and her Cardinal Beaton; a land and a church of noble loyalty to Christ and his crown.

THE LATE DONALD FRASER, D.D.

Presbyterianism has sustained a great loss in the death of Dr. Donald Fraser. For over twenty years he has been a prominent figure in the world's metropolis. He was by birth and education a Highlander, being born at Inverness in 1826, where his father was sheriff. After graduating in the University of Aberdeen he came to live for a while with relatives in Canada, but soon returned to Aberdeen to complete his Divinity studies. His first charge was Cote street church, Montreal, where he is still personally remembered by a large circle of friends. After eight years in Montreal he accepted a call to his old home in Inverness, and in 1870 he undertook the pastoral charge of the great congregation at Marylebone, where he remained until his sudden death from pneumonia on the 15th of February last. On his coming to London the University of Aberdeen conferred on him the rare distinction of an honorary D.D. During his twenty-two years of ministry in London, the present magnificent church was built, and the communicants' roll has rarely been under eight hundred. Dr. Fraser is the last but one of the male side of his family. His brother, Colonel D. Torrance Fraser, is well-known in Montreal, especially in connection with Sabbath-school work. The following sketch of Dr. Fraser, taken from the *British Weekly*, will be read with interest.

While in his first charge in Montreal he began to publish a volume of his pastoral papers showing much of the bright and racy wisdom for which he became well known. His fame travelled, and he was called to the pastorate of the Free High Church, Inverness—a position of influence and importance. It was the leading church in the Highlands where English alone was preached, and represented a more liberal spirit than that which prevailed around it. The regular audience was reinforced by the large number of visitors who stream through Inverness in summer. Dr. Fraser preached to an audience always crowded, and during some months of the year very varied. There was then no Cathedral in Inverness, and the controversies which have broken the peace of the Scottish Highlands were just beginning. Dr. Fraser took his place as the "star" minister of the town, though he was never to be compared for a moment, either in oratorical power or intellectual strength, to Dr. Kennedy, of Dingwall —perhaps the greatest preacher who has ever risen among the Celtic race. But Dr. Fraser was much more a man of the world, less exacting, less austere, easier to understand, and much more easy to satisfy. He was showier, too, but never could use even the English language as Kennedy used it. His popularity steadily increased; his church was enlarged; and he was named for many vacancies in leading pulpits. If we mistake not, he was called as successor to Dr. Guthrie in Edinburgh and Dr. Kirkpatrick in Dublin. Yet he never stood on the highest ground as long as he was in Scotland. In church courts he had little influence, and the very commendable attention he showed to the proprieties provoked more amusement than admiration. In short, he was looked upon by many as a popular preacher, and nothing more—a character that does not go far in Scotland. He proved afterwards that his capacity was very much underrated.

All the eleven years he spent in Inverness the conviction that London was his proper sphere deepened in his mind, and when he was called to succeed Dr. Chalmers in the Marylebone Presbyterian church he accepted. It is the barest justice to say that the succeeding years have shown that he and the congregation were alike wisely guided. In London Dr. Fraser's gift of graceful oratory found full scope; and when at his best he was not surpassed as a platform speaker by any man of his time. His preaching swiftly attracted attention, and his church became crowded. In the end the fine building now occupied by the congregation, and with seats for 1,800 people, was built for him, and he ministered there to nearly the largest congregation of his denomination to the very last.

In English Presbyterianism he immediately became a prominent figure. It was remarkable that a man who could hardly secure the barest footing beside the Free Church leaders succeeded almost at once in becoming the head of the Presbyterian church in England—a body certainly not destitute of able men. But this position was accorded to Dr. Fraser beyond dispute, and he showed himself an excellent man of business—clear, prompt, accurate, and courteous. His picturesque figure, crowned with silver hair, his musical and ready speech, commanded the attention of all. He willingly took upon himself great burdens of labor—opened new churches, managed the College Committee, and took a chief share in preparing a new directory of public worship. He had a distinct conception of what the Presbyterian church in England should be, and worked very hard to realize it. In his view it was not a Dissenting body, and ought not to reckon itself with such. It should, on the contrary, lay stress on the fact that in Scotland Presbyterianism is established, and is the religion of the Queen. It ought rather to learn from Episcopacy than from Dissent, and this especially in the matter of worship. It ought not to take a political side and specially it should not assume any aggressive attitude to Established churches. The calculation was shrewd. A body of that

THE LATE DONALD FRASER, D.D.

kind, with churches planted in good suburbs of large towns, was sure to draw many Scotch families, and also many more or less dissatisfied with the Church of England, who yet could not bring themselves to eat the spiritual bread of Dissent. It was also likely to be a half-way house for discontented Nonconformists. Of all these classes Dr. Fraser believed there would be more and more in times to come, and that the Presbyterian church would be a haven for them. Accordingly he took a vehement part in opposing disestablishment in Scotland, visiting the North for that purpose, and occupying pulpits in the church of Scotland—lamenting also on establishment platforms the folly and the weakness of the present Free Church leaders. Some imputed very mean motives to him for this, but, as we believe, without a grain of justice. He was no doubt at times sufficiently provoking, but he felt strongly. An aristocrat to the finger-tips, he hated the stigma of Dissent and everything that savored of the new democracy was loathsome to him. Whether Dr. Fraser's policy for the English Presbyterians will prevail or not, it is too soon to say. If neutrality in politics were possible it might, but it is not. One of his last public speeches was devoted to spurring on Lord Hartington (as he was then) to greater exertions in the cause of the Union. It is certain that his visits to Scotland greatly chilled the feeling of the Scotch Presbyterians outside the state connexion to their English brethren; equally certain that it has turned away the enthusiasm of many Scotchmen in England who think, rightly or wrongly, that the true representatives of the Free and United Presbyterian churches in Scotland are to be found in England in the ancient Dissenting churches. For ourselves, we believe a clear distinction should be drawn between a church and a rat-trap, and that the English Presbyterians are essentially liberal and democratic. Time will soon show.

Dr. Fraser's preaching was at times admirable—nobly eloquent and evangelical to the core. His books do not represent his real power; he mercilessly excised from them everything in the nature of "eloquence." But his volumes on the Bible, published by Messrs Nisbet, are sound and useful, and have had a well-deserved popularity. Like others, Dr. Fraser was great on the subject of editing, and in a rash hour undertook to show practically how it ought to be done. For some time he issued weekly the *Outlook*, but it did not attain, and we cannot say in conscience that it deserved, success. Dr Fraser took this failure to heart, and went to the Mediterranean for three months.

His theological position it is very hard to define. He had many hands—each grasping something. One took hold of Mr. Spurgeon; one of the Midmay Conference; one of the Higher Critics, and so on. His last published works contain a distinct disclaimer of rigid views on inspiration; and he was independent in some disputed matters of practice. Notwithstanding, he continued to the end a friend of Mr. Spurgeon and a "supply" at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. The best side of him was seen in his Mission work, of which the late Professor Elmslie used to speak with great admiration. To this he devoted himself quietly, but with untiring devotion and a simple heart. There the deep religious character of the man appeared, and it was plain beyond doubt that in his inmost nature he was a profound and loyal believer, and a faithful minister of Jesus Christ.

A MOTHER'S POWER.

Mr. Moody says that when he was in Oxford, and when the young men gathered night after night in a spirit of carelessness, it seemed as though he would not be able to touch their hearts or lead any of them to Christ. He noticed in the congregation several women who were associated with some of the undergraduates in the university, and he announced that the next day there would be a prayer-meeting for the mothers of young men in the university. Fifty of them came and spent the afternoon in prayer, and that night many young men were pressing into the kingdom of God.

There was a mother who had a son grown to manhood, living in the outskirts of the village of Somerville in New Jersey, and this young man had commenced to lead a dissolute life; and one night his mother pleaded with him that he would not go out and spend the evening away from her, but he insisted upon it. He said, "Mother, I'm not going to be tied to your apron-strings, I am going to go;" and she said, "Please try and remember every moment to-night that until you come back I am going to be on my knees asking God to save you;" and the young man with a rude gesture and with a muttered oath sprang away from his mother, and he went out and spent the night in an indecent carousal. At four o'clock in the morning he came home. He hadn't thought of his mother in all of those hours. He saw a light shining out from between the blinds; and he turned the shutters and looked in, and there was his old mother down on her knees, saying, "God save my wandering boy." He went up to his room; he lay down upon his couch, but he could not sleep. He finally knelt down and as he knelt there it seemed to him as if the Redeemer's power came from that other room where the praying mother knelt before God, until he cried out, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" God saved him that morning. The word went out into the houses round about of his salvation, and in three weeks from that time there were between two and three hundred of the young people of that vicinity that stood up there in the church and confessed that they accepted Christ as their Saviour. This son that was led to Christ by that prayer of his mother was the father of Dr. Talmage of Brooklyn and the father of Dr. Talmage of China.—*Rev. B. Fay Mills.*

THE WORK OF OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

The side of the question which does sometimes cause us serious anxiety, is the relation of Sunday schools to the fatherhood and motherhood of the future. It is not yet fully realized that culturing for the parenthood of the future is the work of our Sunday Schools; at least the culture of the higher moral and religious fatherhood and motherhood is. Again and again is it necessary to plead with our teachers, that they have to work for "the life that now is," as well as for "that which is to come." What duties call for the energies of parents? What difficulties perplex parents? What scenes try the patience of parents? What moral forces are at the command of parents? There is a science of home life and relations which we, Sunday school teachers, should be skilled to teach.—*Sunday School Chronicle.*

SEE THINGS.

In one of his essays on self-culture, Professor John Stuart Blackie gives the following admirable advice concerning books and reading:

As there are persons who seem to walk through life with their eyes open, seeing nothing, so there are others who read through books, and perhaps even cram themselves with facts, without carrying away any living pictures or significant story which might arouse the fancy in an hour of leisure, or gird them with endurance in a moment of difficulty. Ask yourself, therefore, always, when you have read a chapter of any notable book, not what you saw printed on a gray page, but what you see pictured in the glowing gallery of your imagination. Have your fancy always vivid and full of body and color. Count yourself not to know a fact when you know that it took place, but then only when you see it as it did take place.

MR. GLADSTONE'S PET DOG.

"Petz" is the name of a little black Pomeranian dog at Hawarden Castle, to which, it is said, Mr. Gladstone has become much attached. The dog (we learn from the *Fancier's Gazette*) "came from Schwalbach, Nassau, where two of Mr. Gladstone's family were sojourning for some time in the early summer of 1888. Petz belonged to Herr Bersior, of the Pension Stadt Coblentz, where they stayed; and in return for their attentions he so entirely devoted himself to the two English visitors that, when the stay came to an end, by a friendly arrangement, Petz came over to England, and made his new home at Hawarden." The attachment of Mr. Gladstone to Petz is, of course, altogether reciprocated. There is no one the little fellow cares half so much to accompany on a walk as Mr. Gladstone, because he knows that the chances are that he will get more stick-throwing—Petz's pet passion is running after sticks—out of the great statesman than from the other and more hard-hearted members of the family. With this object in view he will lie in wait in the early morning outside the right hon. gentleman's dressing-room door, in the hope that he may be allowed to accompany him on his daily walk up to the church at 8.30 a.m. for the morning service. Mr. Gladstone has often protested that in throwing sticks for him to fetch he is quite unable to resist or to tire out his pertinacious little friend. Nearly all the ex-Cabinet Ministers when visiting Harwarden have had to contribute in this way to Petz's amusement. Mr. Gladstone delights in telling his friends how on one occasion, when he was felling a tree, with Petz as his only companion, the little fellow after a time thought some little attention should be paid to him, and that some of the chips should be thrown to him to fetch. So he kept picking up a chip now and again, and dropping it at the woodman's feet, in the hope of attracting his attention. Mr. Gladstone took it all in, and, appearing not to notice his little friend's efforts, went on with his tree-felling, determined to try and tire him out. But it was no good; and at last, in dire distress, Petz picked up a large chip and dropped it on Mr. Gladstone's boot, at the same time looking up into the statesman's face as if his life depended on his wish being gratified. The hon. gentleman had to give in, and Petz was made altogether happy. "Like most other house dogs, Petz loves to have some one to gently rub the top of his head, and he knows, too, who is most likely to gratify this other whim of his. He is often to be seen, therefore, pushing his head into Mr. Gladstone's hand at the table, or when he is reading in his chair. It is Mr. Gladstone's theory that Petz's brain is so on the alert all day that he loves to be soothed in this way as a kind of antidote."

The little lady in the portait is Mr. Gladstone's youngest granddaughter, Miss Dorothy Drew. The *Fancier's Gazette* is indebted to Mr. F. Rowlands, Hawarden, for the photograph from which the accompanying sketch was made.

SWEET WILLIAM;

OR THE CASTLE OF MOUNT ST. MICHAEL.

By Marguerite Bouvet.

CHAPTER I.—THE TWO BROTHERS.

In the north of France is the beautiful country called Normandy, still quaint and picturesque, but different now in many ways from the Normandy of centuries ago. At the time when all that I am going to tell you in my little story took place, there stood on the great rock Mount St. Michael a strong castle such as the early Normans were fond of building. It was a beautiful old place—beautiful in its strength and in its loneliness. It was full of those great dungeons the very thought of which fills us with dread even to-day. Its great towers rose high against the heavens, overlooking for many miles the blue waters of the Channel. Its many turrets and thick walls of stone, gray with centuries; its wonderful drawbridge, and array of high battlements,—all went to show that it had been reared at a time when men were thus obliged to protect themselves from their enemies with iron and stone so strong that nothing then known could pull down. Many of these splendid castles have been destroyed in modern times; but even their ruins have a strange charm for us when we think of the strength and the time it took to build them, and of the wonderful and great people who lived in them, and of the many strange things that took place in some of them.

Mount St. Michael was not only strongly fortified, but it was well guarded by nature. Its rocky base, plunged deep into the sea, echoed night and day to the sound of the lapping waves; and save for a few peasants' huts that clustered at the foot of the promontory, the country beyond it stretched away into an almost endless forest. It was altogether a grand and lonely place; and we do not wonder that the good people of Normandy, who knew all about its great dungeon-towers, and the captives who had been brought and kept there—some of them for years—we do not wonder, indeed, that they came to look upon Mount St. Michael with more of dread than of admiration.

But perhaps this fine old castle seemed all the more fearful to them because they knew that in it there lived a man who was proud and wicked—a man who delighted in nothing so much as in doing evil, whose greatest pleasure was in the horrors and cruelties of war and whose only wish was to be dreaded. This man, much as the people feared and disliked him, called himself the Duke of Normandy; and so he was in name, though he spent little of his time in that country, and cared still less for the good of the people whom he was supposed to rule. When he was not off on some fighting expedition, he much preferred being in France, where the king, whose vassal he was, and who was a spirited and handsome youth, led a life of excitement and gaiety. Duke William liked to be with his king,—not that he had any real love for him, but because he liked to be thought one of the great men of the court, and because he hoped some day to gain for himself something more than the crippled and insignificant duchy of Normandy. It was not so great a thing as it once had been to be the Duke of Normandy; for Normandy was then but a small province of France, and there were plenty of other duchies in the kingdom that were a deal more important. But the good people still liked to call their ruler the Duke of Normandy, and they were given that privilege; and whenever they happened to have a good duke over them, they always loved and respected and admired him.

Now, in the old gray castle on Mount St. Michael, there lived, too, a brother of Duke William, whose name was Geoffrey. This brother was younger and handsomer and much more amiable than William; and as he happened to have been born in Normandy, the people loved him as one of themselves, and would have preferred him for their duke had they any choice in the matter. William knew this only too well, and for that reason had always been jealous of his young brother. Then, too, Geoffrey was gifted with so much spirit and beauty, and had withal such a gracious way of making every one love him; and that was reason enough why William should hate him.

When this young brother grew to be a man, and the crafty William could no longer keep him from going about and making friends for himself, he sailed away to France to pay homage to his king and see the world. Geoffrey had never been outside Normandy in all his life before; and France, with its beautiful cities and gay people, seemed wonderful to him. It was far better than hunting in the forest to spend one's day in the society of brilliant people, to witness for the first time the splendid tournaments with their games and tilting, and indeed to enjoy all the queer amusements which the gentlemen of those days seemed to delight in.

But by far the most agreeable thing he did was to lose his heart to a beautiful and lovely lady whom he happened to see at the court one day; and being a young and impulsive lover, his love grew so very fast and so very strong that he could think of nothing better than marrying this sweet lady, and taking her home to Mount St. Michael to live with him and make him happy. A lonely place, indeed, to bring a young bride to, that old gray castle with its towers and gloomy walls, where no love or happiness had been for many a long year, and where none would welcome her but a dreadful brother, whose grim and sullen look was enough to frighten one much braver than the timid lady. The good people of the castle shook their heads sorrowfully when they heard of it, and said it would go ill with Geoffrey and his young wife, and that no good would come of it for any one. But these two young people were so happy and lighthearted in their love that they had no such forebodings. They loved each other so much that nothing in all the world, not even the gray walls of Mount St. Michael, could seem gloomy to them if they were together.

Now Duke William had never loved any lady well enough to think of marrying her, and though he was much older than Geoffrey, he was still living a lonely and selfish life; and he could hardly bear to see his young brother so hopeful and happy. His wicked brain at once began to think of some way by which he could at least seem as fortunate as his brother. Then he bethought himself that some day Geoffrey's fair lady might bring him a little son, who would be heir to the crown and lands of Normandy, since he himself had no children; and this thought disturbed Duke William more than any other.

He hated to think that his title and possessions would have to pass over to the child of the brother he did not love; and so, foolish and hopeless a task as it would seem, he, too set out in search of a wife. It would have been a wonder if such a grim and terrible person as Duke William could possibly have won the love of any gentle lady; but in those times a lady's heart went for very little in such matters, and it so happened that the duke made friends with another stern old nobleman, whose pretty daughter married him because she could not well help herself. And she, too, was beautiful and lovely; for the ladies of those days were all beautiful and lovely, you know. She had a sweet, girlish, face, and dark, tender eyes that no one could help loving; and Duke William was very proud of her. He had her portrait painted by a great artist, and it was hung in the great hall of the castle, where every one might see how beautiful she was. Indeed, it was supposed that even the heartless old duke, who had never known what it was to love any one in all his life, might in time have grown fond of this gentle creature if he had not so many other things on his mind. He was, however, so pleased with his success and so proud of his achievement that he remained in good spirits for some time.

Everything seemed peaceful and lovely at Mount St. Michael, and the good people of the castle began to think that they had not prophesied aright, and that perhaps these two gentle ladies might be bringing with them a new life of love and union. Then they remembered that his lordship had not once indulged in one of his terrible fits of rage since his marriage with their sweet mistress; and that his shaggy brows seemed less shaggy, and his gruff voice less frightful, when he spoke with her. He had not called his brother Geoffrey a young vagabond to his face, nor threatened, behind his back, to hang him to the highest tree of the forest; but instead he had spent much time in hunting with his hounds and his men, and this was always a sure sign that he was in a pleasant humor.

But one morning there came a summons to Duke William from the King of France, requesting him, as well as all the other noblemen of Normandy, to appear at the court. There were great wars going on in the south of Europe, and the young king was gathering large armies from all parts of his kingdom. William and Geoffrey eagerly made ready for battle; for next to flying his falcon, the nobleman of that time enjoyed nothing so much as a war. Duke William had fought in many battles before; but Geoffrey never. And at the very thought of war there arose in his mind the dazzling spectacle of men and horses and glittering spears, and the sound of clashing swords and roaring canons; and his heart bounded with joy, for this meant to him, as it did to most young knights, the beginning of glory and power.

William saw his brother's eagerness, and listened to his hopeful talk about all the great things he meant to do, and he thought with bitterness, "It is like his cursed good fortune, the sweet-faced knave to ride past me in the fray!" but he secretly made up his mind to prevent that piece of good luck if he could.

Before many suns had set, the two brothers, William and Geoffrey, were riding away from Mount St. Michael, side by side, each with a great hope in his heart, and on his face a smile and a farewell look for his lady-love watching him from her window.

As Duke William had feared, the young king took a great fancy to Geoffrey. He could not help admiring, as no one could, the young Norman's gay and yet manly spirit, his courtly bearing and amiable look and the free and easy grace that prompted him to reply, when the young monarch told him how much he liked him, "And I, by my faith, sire, have never looked upon a prince who could be dearer to my heart."

And this was hardly strange, for the king himself was a gracious person, and really the only sovereign whom Geoffrey had ever beheld face to face.

One day the king took Geoffrey by the hand and said sweetly, "If thou hadst been born a woman, Geoffrey, I should have made thee Queen of France;" to which Geoffrey replied,—

"But since I was not, my lord, I am well pleased to be your Majesty's faithful servant for ever."

(To be Continued.)

WORDS.

Keep a guard on your words, my darlings,
For words are wonderful things;
They are sweet like the bees' fresh honey;
Like the bees, they have terrible stings;
They can bless, like the warm, glad sunshine,
And brighten a lonely life;
They can cut, in the strife of anger,
Like an open, two-edged knife.

Let them pass through your lips unchallenged
If their errand is true and kind,
If they come to support the weary,
To comfort and help the blind;
Keep them back if they're cold and cruel,
Under bar, and lock, and seal
The wounds they make, my darlings,
Are alway slow to heal.

A LITTLE lass with golden hair,
A little lass with brown,
A little lass with raven locks,
Went tripping into town.
"I like the golden hair the best!"
"And I prefer the brown!"
"And I the black!"
Three sparrows said—
Three sparrows
Of the town.
Tu-whit! Tu-whoo! an old owl cried,
From the belfry in the town;
"Glad-hearted lassies need not mind
If locks be gold, black, brown!
Tu-whit! Tu-whoo! So fast so fast
The sands of life run down,
And soon, so soon, three white-haired dames
Will totter thro' the town.
Gone then for aye the raven locks,
The golden hair, the brown;
And she will fairest be whose face
Has never worn a frown!"
A.H.

SWEET WILLIAM,

OR THE CASTLE OF MOUNT ST. MICHAEL.

By Margaret Bouvet.

CHAPTER I. (*Continued.*)

After these pretty speeches, the two young men became fast friends, and really loved each other very much. And how hardly did this go with poor William, who had been years striving to obtain the favor which the King had given to Geoffrey in a single look! His old envy was all alive again in a moment.

"It was always so with that worthless stripling" he thought, his heart full of bitterness. "I shall have no peace while he lives. Let the saints that gave him his womanish graces look to him; he will have need of them if he stand in William of Normandy's way."

It is dreadful to think of all the wicked thoughts that will come into the minds of envious and jealous people. If they could but know how much the indulgence of these vices serves to defeat their own ends, what endless trouble and sorrow and remorse they might spare themselves! But in those days, perhaps even more than now, the world was full of just such men as Duke William—men who cared nothing for the rights of their fellow-creatures when these stood in the way of their ambitions, and in whose eyes even the ties of blood and kinship seemed to have no sacredness.

Geoffrey grew more popular every day, not only with the king, but with all who knew him; for he showed himself as brave in battle as he was gallant at court. Whenever a great victory was won, they had a way of celebrating it by giving splendid banquets, at which the noblemen drank quantities of wine and sang one another's praises. At these no name was cheered more repeatedly or more lovingly than Geoffrey's, even by the king himself, who took the greatest pride in the valor of his faithful young vassal. And strangely enough, Geoffrey was never spoiled by his good fortune, as men are often apt to be. On the contrary, he grew more and more lovable to every one, except to his brother William, who hated him and envied him his prosperity; and when William heard the king vow once to make Geoffrey the greatest man in all his kingdom, he felt that his brother was his bitterest enemy.

Strange destiny that rules even the will of kings! The young monarch was never called upon to keep his promise. Some months later Geoffrey was slain in battle. In the fulness of youth and vigor he fell, and with only Heaven to witness, by the hand of his own brother.

On that very day, in the old castle on Mount St. Michael, a little child was born to each of the brothers. Two sweet, innocent babes, all unconscious of this great trouble, saw for the first time the light of the big world, and came to take their share of its sorrows and its joys. These were Sweet William and the little Lady Constance

CHAPTER II.—CRUEL COWARDICE.

Dear children, do you ever wonder how there can be so much sin and wrong and suffering in God's world? It is a question that millions of men have pondered. We even ask how, being so infinitely good himself, God can have any knowledge or consciousness of what is so unlike him. But one thing at least we know, and that is that sin is its own destroyer—that it must kill joy and peace and rest before itself can die; that men must pay for every wrong of heart or brain or hand by cruel and yet merciful suffering, for this is the law of a just Creator.

Duke William met with a share of his punishment, some weeks later, when he returned to Mount St. Michael. His beautiful young wife, of whom he was so proud, and in whom he had cherished so many hopes had died, leaving her little child in the arms of strange women. This dreadful blow Duke William had never dreamed of. He could not believe that he was left alone once more—that the fair young creature, the only being who had ever appealed to his love had been rudely snatched from him by a power greater and stronger than himself. It was a judgment upon him, but it did not bring him to repentance. He had done too many secret wicked things to grow suddenly submissive. On the contrary, his rebellious heart was wild with anger and disappointment, and he raged furiously for several days, so that no one dared go near him; and his servants, who had seen him behave in this way before, knew that some dark trouble was brooding, and they almost hoped that he would starve or fret himself to death. But he did not. Vicious people usually stay to be a plague to every one in this world; but we trust they are left in order to reap some day the fruit of all their misdeeds.

Oh, what dreadful days those were at Mount St. Michael, with that savage old duke giving way to disappointment like some mad thing; and the people all sorrowing over their beloved Geoffrey, and for his sweet young wife, who would not be comforted, not even with the tender little one in her arms! It seemed as if all the sunshine in the world was for ever hidden behind the dark cloud that now hung over Mount St. Michael.

At last when Duke William had worn himself out with cursing his wretched lot, he roused himself, and called for his trusty servant Francis—a good and faithful man, who knew his master's hard ways and did not approve of them.

"My brother has left a child?" asked the duke, with a wicked light in his eye.

"Yes, my lord," returned Francis.

"That child," muttered Duke William between his teeth—"that child must not grow up before me, do your hear?"

"And I pray, sir, what is your wish?" asked the good servant with fear.

"My wish? You treacherous knave! how dare you ask? Am I like to have *that* villain's child ever before me burning my very eyes out of their sockets?"

"My lord, my lord," exclaimed Francis, "your brain is maddened with grief. What fear need you have of a weakly babe, scarce out of its mother's arms?"

"I have no fear of the child, fool! I hate it," cried the duke fiercely—"I hate it! To the Tower with it, and let me never look upon its face! In the Tower it shall live, if live it must. Go, and come not again before me till this is done!"

What was it crazing this wretched man? Was it grief or remorse struggling at his heart? Ah no, it was the fear of vengeance; it was the thought of the unnatural deed he had committed that made him, a strong man, stand in dread of a helpless babe. That little child might wear its father's face, might look at him with its father's eyes, might some day know and avenge its father's wrong. He wished it dead; but he could not take its life without exposing himself and his wickedness, and thus drawing suspicion and trouble down upon his own head. He wished the child out of his sight, and yet he dared not let it go beyond his power, lest some time the opportunity might come for doing away with it, and the victim would not be there. There was nothing left him but the Tower, the great dungeon-tower at the farthest point of Mount St. Michael, where more dangerous enemies had languished and at last perished; and he could find no rest till he knew that his brother's child was there, safely out of his way.

And so the sorrowful news was carried to the weeping young mother, not only that her beloved lord was slain, but that her little one—all that she had left of him to love—was to be taken from her and cast into a dungeon.

"And what has my little child done to offend my lord!" cried the poor lady. "O good Mathilde, good Lasette," she said to her women around her, "I do entreat you beg the duke, my brother, to spare me! Take me to him, that I may plead with him, and stay his displeasure!"

But Mathilde, the good nurse who had lived at the castle all her life, and who knew that Duke William never spared or pardoned any one, told her lady how fruitless her efforts would be—that the duke was a hard man; that something must have gone wrong between the two brothers, although no one seemed to know what; and that William was taking his revenge, as he never failed to do. Then she implored the young mother to flee from the duke's anger to leave the castle and return to her own people in France. She promised to love and guard the tender babe, and to watch over it as if it were her own, until help could be brought to them. For the love they all bore Geoffrey, the little one would be saved from harm and made happy by the good castle-folk. And after many tearful promises, the gentle lady was taken away by some faithful Normans, to await in their humble dwelling the ship that would bear her from Mount St. Michael and Normandy for ever.

What the great trouble was no one knew and no one dared to ask; but the news went flying swiftly through the castle that Duke William was very angry with his dead brother, and that Geoffrey's little child was to bear the burden of my lord's wrath. They had loved Geoffrey so much that their brave hearts rebelled at this cowardly deed. They would gladly have disobeyed William, had they dared; but that would have been a dangerous thing, and so they could only hate him more than they had ever done.

And Francis' heart was very heavy that day when he went to the great dungeon, to make ready for the innocent little captive.

"My lord is a cruel master," said he to old Guilbert the tower-keeper. "I would as lief serve the Evil One himself as Duke William in this thing."

"I would rather think of turning the bolts on my own mother than on my lord Geoffrey's helpless babe," returned Guilbert with a sigh.

"The blackest villain could not look upon the tender little lamb without feeling his stony heart melt with love and pity," said Francis. "Would to Heaven the cruel duke had fallen in battle instead of his brother!"

"Do not grieve yourself too much for the babe, Francis. My lord never visits the Great Tower, as you know; and I will see to it that the little one fares as well here as any one at the castle," returned the good Guilbert. "A little plant needs but little water; but it shall have that, if my old bones go to pay for it."

"You're a brave fellow, Guilbert. The Holy Father keep your old bones a little longer! A dungeon is a sorry place for a babe; but it might have fared worse for a keeper."

"Ay, ay," exclaimed Guilbert; "I've known even babes, the greater pity, to fare worse than this one shall."

(To be Continued.)

BEFORE ANY MAN can draw on God for help he must be willing to help others.

THE COMMON SORROW.

A much divided people we!
And have our strifes, without, within,
Scant good in one another see,
Each struggling his own prize to win—
Death comes, and lo! we all are kin!

Our cottage homes are darker for
The shadow resting on the throne.
The crowd would fain turn comforter,
The pain is one we all have known,
The Prince? We mourn him as our own.

How many loyal Englishmen
Would gladly have gone forth to fight
That foe who struck our Queen again,
And quenched a lighted hope in night!
God's will, you say? Then all is right.

But God have pity on our earth!
And on the mother's heart that aches,
And on the home blessed by his birth,
And on the maiden heart that breaks,
And on all life which joy forsakes.

But England's grief is for the dead!
His was the glad time of the spring;
His year of life has flashed, and sped
Ere through his dreams the birds could sing
The prophecy—"Long live the king!"

A dearer message he had heard—
"I love you"—and all else might go!
After that whispered magic word
Life broadened into sunny glow,—
Then sudden winter laid him low!

But Heaven has room and work for all!
The young Prince starting on his quest,
The gentle, Christly, Cardinal.
God knew this time would be the best
For nobler work, and well-earned rest.

God's will be done! The crowd is great
That daily dying sues for grace,
And commoner, and prince of state
Is glad to take the lowest place.
God! let Thy children see Thy face!

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

WAS IT COINCIDENCE OR PROVIDENTIAL INTERPOSITION?

BY THE HON. NEAL DOW.

We were boys together, Eben and I; we grew up together side by side until we became men, with never an unkind word between us; our families were next door neighbors. By the death of the father Eben at an early age became the mainstay of the mother and two sisters constituting the family. This duty he performed as faithfully and successfully as if he had been of mature years, of sound judgment and experience in affairs.

Arranging everything for the comfort of home during his absence, when he became of age he turned all his small earnings and savings into a venture which he placed on board a brig bound for New Orleans, and resolved to try his fortune there for a few years. He was to go by land, and the brig, in case of her arrival at her port before him, was to keep his adventure on board for one week without charge for demurrage.

There were no railways in those days; the long journey to New Orleans was to be made in stages and river steamboats, liable to many delays which might subject him to heavy cost for the storage of his goods, which he was anxious to avoid. His stage, crowded with passengers, arrived on a Saturday night at a country tavern among the mountains in the interior of Pennsylvania. He said to his companions:

"How many of us will stop here over the Sabbath?"

"None of us," answered a young man promptly.

"Yes, there's one of us," said my friend. "I shall stop over; I've never travelled on the Sabbath and will not break that rule now; I hope there are some others of us who will keep the Sabbath as I propose to do."

"It will be an unwise thing for you to do now and here under the circumstances," said an experienced traveller. "You must wait for the Monday night's stage, and on its arrival the chances are that it will be full and you must wait for that of Tuesday, and so on indefinitely; you cannot be sure when you can get on. All will depend upon a chance place for you in the western-bound stage."

"I have considered all that," said my friend. "My case is not one of necessity, and I will not otherwise travel on the Sabbath."

He was the only one of the company who remained. On the Sunday he went to the little country church; on the Monday the stage was full and he must stay, and on the Tuesday it was the same; he could only resume his journey on the Wednesday. On arriving at Pittsburgh he found the last steamer for the season to New Orleans was gone; on account of the low water there would be no other. If any of his stage companions had been there, they might have suggested to him that his faithfulness to the Sabbath had resulted only in serious embarrassments. He was obliged to embark on a flat-boat, which, after a slow voyage, he left at Cincinnati, where he waited three days for a steamer bound to New Orleans; and on arrival there he found his little cargo had been a week in a warehouse, involving an expense which he would have saved if he had continued his stage route as his fellow passengers had done.

In addition to this he lost the sale of his venture, the whole of it, to the purchaser of the most of the brig's cargo, who wanted my friend's part of it very much. But now the sky began to clear, his fish—all fish—began to rise in the market; he did not sell at the first offer, but held it for some days, when he sold for cash at a large advance, yielding him a handsome profit; and the man who bought the rest of the brig's cargo on time failed—and but for the stopping over on the Sabbath among the mountains of Pennsylvania my friend would have sold with the rest of the cargo on the same terms and would have lost every penny. Was this a coincidence, or was it a Providential intervention? For myself, I believe it was the intervention of Providence in the affairs of man; I like to believe it; many times this faith has been to me a solace and a comfort.

My friend remained in New Orleans a few years and by industry, good judgment and prudence accumulated a small fortune. He made many friends in that city among business men, and especially among religious people. There were really many there, though at the time slavery may be said to have been the dominant faith of the country. The people believed in it as thoroughly as in the Bible and in the existence of a Supreme Being; it was to them a divine institution, and at the same time a terror.

A large number of citizens were detailed every night as a city guard. They were notified during the day to report at the Calaboose (city prison) at a given hour in the evening, where they were shut up until morning; they were there to be ready at a moment's notice to meet and quell an uprising of the slaves which was constantly feared if not confidently expected. My friend did not find this pleasant; the company at the Calaboose was not always exclusively or even largely of the elite of the citizenship of the Crescent City, and in those old days when there was no temperance cause and little or no teaching on the mischief and danger of drink, it is not difficult to imagine what sort of a time there must be in the Calaboose among three hundred people shut up for a night with plenty of that refreshment.

One of the curious things which struck my friend was the freedom with which persons who had slain a friend or some other in a duel or a brawl could walk about the street as if no law, human or divine, had been broken. One of the most prominent clergymen in the city had a little tiff with some one and shot him dead as the best and easiest, as well as the quickest, way out of it. This clergyman was "a good shot," and people who knew him gave him a "wide berth" accordingly. My friend had no office of his own, but a desk only in the large counting-room of a prominent mercantile house. This clergyman was an habitue at that counting-room, the chiefs taking their Gospel from his pulpit. My friend said it would have been funny if it was not grim and ghastly to note the ease, grace and self-possession with which this "good shot" met and greeted his friends in the counting-room and in the streets within one hour after an exhibition of his skill—with no allusion whatever on either side to "what had happened."

My friend did not care to prolong his stay in that famous city; so he gathered together his earnings, savings and belongings and took passage in a first-class clipper ship for Philadelphia. There were no ocean steamers in those days, and passengers as well as trade were more dependent then than now upon the winds and tides and ocean currents. In those old times ship masters as well as sailors took frequent occasion to "splice the main brace"—the seaman's slang phrase for a "good pull" of rum or whiskey. The captain of this noble clipper ship was one of that kind. He could always walk straight, but not always walk "a crack"—a jolly good sailor was he.

On the second day out from New Orleans, in the open Gulf, they had a strong, gusty "topsail breeze"—the upper sails were furled. The ship was running bravely under her topsails—fore and main courses, jib, fore-topmast staysail and trysail. Off two miles upon the starboard beam was a fine clipper ship bound also to Philadelphia. The mate was the officer on deck. The captain said to him:

"I do not want that ship to reach port before we do; can't we carry more sail?"

"We are now carrying as much sail as is prudent, sir; the wind is strong and gusty, I don't think the spars would bear more."

The captain went into the cabin—soon came on deck wiping his mouth on the back of his hand and said to the mate:

"Mr. Jones, set the fore, main and mizzen top-gallant sails."

"I do not think it prudent, sir; I don't think the spars will stand it. It's very gusty."

The captain did not repeat the order, but went into the cabin again. Soon he reappeared on deck wiping his mouth as before and said peremptorily to the mate:

"Set the top-gallant sails, Mr. Jones."

The officer of the deck had no alternative but to obey, and the sailors who were ordered aloft had hardly reached the deck after making the additional sail before the main top-gallant mast with the topmast all came down together. Two glasses of brandy did that. The disaster was no doubt entered in the log without a word about the drink which cost the owners a thousand dollars and a voyage to Philadelphia prolonged by four days.

Temperance teaching and preaching and temperance literature had not reached the shipmasters of those days, consequently there were few if any of them who did not "splice the main brace" at every suitable opportunity. I do not think Providence had any part in disabling that noble ship.

A funny friend of mine told me this story of a coincidence, or a Providential intervention, occurring within his knowledge many years ago: A foreign missionary, for more than thirty years laboring among the Turks and Armenians, came home, as his health was shaky and advancing age demanded less care and less hard work. He was at once chosen a professor of a theological institution, where in a few years he made himself obnoxious because of his pronounced temperance views, which he would in no wise mask or hold in abeyance. He was therefore dismissed summarily, and came to my friend's house for temporary shelter.

My friend asked him if he continued to rely upon Providence to care for him. "Here you are now," he said, "in your old age turned out of doors without any resources, after having spent a long life in hard work for the Lord. What can you do now?"

"I have never had more confidence than now that God will open the way for me. I do not know what it will be."

While they were talking about it—he and my friend—there came a pull at the door-bell; the servant said some gentlemen wished to see Rev. Dr. Blank, who went out to meet them. Returning to the room where my friend was yet sitting, he said: "Can you guess what those gentlemen wanted of me?"

"No, I've no possible means of forming an opinion."

"Well, they came as a committee of the faculty to offer me the presidency of Blank College, which I have accepted, and shall go there immediately. You see, the Lord does not abandon his servant."

The doctor remained at his post until his age warned him that a younger man would be more suitable for it than he was; he therefore resigned and bought a snug place in a country village to serve him as a home until the final departure. He paid down for it half the price in cash, all the money he had, and gave a mortgage for the balance. Immediately cheques came in to him from many quarters unexpectedly, until the amount was exactly equal to the mortgage and interest, when no more came.

Were the college presidency and the liquidation of this mortgage mere coincidences or were they the timely interventions of a gracious Providence?

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